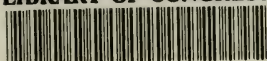


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RHYMES AND STORIES

Written and Published

By

MARY CARRAL LOUGHLIN

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D E D I C A T I O N .

*My wayside blossoms, simple and imperfect,
I know one heart that holds you passing fair,
And for my sake, and for the love she bears me,
I know that she will cherish you with care.
So little book, go forth to meet your fate,
I dedicate you to my sister Kate.*

TO MY CHILDREN.

Carroll, Edmund and Katharine.

My dear ones, long ago when you were children
I loved to watch you at your games and play.
Chasing gay butterflies across the meadow
in the bright sunshine of a summer day.
And when the angry clouds began to gather
Before the shower fell on hill and plain.
Always alert to keep you out of danger,
I used to call you in out of the rain.

And now with toys and games no longer cheering,
You face the world with all its joy and gain,
The busy life where many dangers threaten,
And I am helpless to assuage your pain.
So sitting sadly here among the shadows,
While softly falls the gentle summer rain,
I'd give my life, and all that it has brought me
If I could only call you in again.

A BIT O' BLARNEY.

A bit of blarney, a little thing,
 Just a word of cheer with a hopeful ring,
 A clasp o' the hand, a tender smile;
 But the little things make life worth while.
 It was only the lilt of an old time song
 That cheered a man as he walked along,
 For the world looked dark, and in deep despair,
 He was ready to say that he did not care.
 The sweet young singer never knew
 The wonderful work that her song would do;
 A simple melody good and true
 And light as a bit of blarney.

A little thing, that the evening light
 Shines out to welcome you home at night,
 That your gown and slippers are nice and warm,
 They comfort you so after sleet and storm.
 With supper ready and all things bright
 In the happy home of your heart's delight;
 But mother was busy the long day through
 And her work and thoughts were all for you.
 So tell her you love her and that you care
 For the endless steps and ceaseless prayer,
 And that home is better than anywhere—
 Just give her a bit of blarney.

And by and by, when the old home walls
 Begin to echo the great world's calls.
 And you wander away, for the world is wide.

Far, far away from the old fireside,
Mother follows you still with her loving care,
You cannot wander beyond her prayer.
She misses her boy at the close of day,
Her eyes are sad and her hair is gray,
So write her a letter that rings out true—
One that is worthy of mother and you.
 Let pleasure wait, let the world go by
 While you send her a bit of blarney.

CHEER.

Sing a song of apple blossoms
 Floating through the air.
When the skies are blue and sunny,
 And the world is fair.
Yes, I know the rain is falling—
 Days are bleak and drear,
But never mind the gloomy weather,
 Sing a song of cheer.

Sing a song of four-leaved clovers
 In the month of June,
Robin red breast gayly singing
 To a world in tune.
Yes, we had a hard storm, Monday,
 But the Spring is near,
Look ahead to days of sunshine.
 Sing a song of cheer.

Sing a song of love and gladness,
 Sweet and kind and true,
 Never mind the rhyme or measure,
 Any tune will do.
 Sin and sorrow are but shadows.
 Do not doubt or fear.
 Hope and peace are both eternal.
 Sing a song of cheer.

THE MARCH KING.

March is a jolly old fellow;
 He comes with a whiz and a bang,
 Knocking to pieces the sonnets and odes
 That the erstwhile poets sang
 Of Spring and her gentle zephyrs,
 And raindrops that softly fall:
 He brings us a flurry of snowflakes,
 That are really worth them all.

I'm a child of the dear North Country,
 And I love the ice, the snow,
 With a good, sharp breeze to color one's face
 And set the heart in a glow.
 There are health and peace to be found in them,
 If you only get out and try;
 But if you object to the exercise,
 Just stay in the house and die.

Some people abhor the ice and snow;
 Complain that the days are drear.

They never did see such weather
In the Springtime of the year.
But never you mind them dear King March;
They always sob and sigh;
You will hear them groaning about the heat,
The middle of next July.

So I drink your health, old March King,
In a glass of English tea;
The weather you bring (while the breezes sing)
Is pleasant enough for me.
The robins will soon be singing;
You cannot stay if you try:
When you come next year, may you find me here.
Good bye! dear old March, good bye.

DREAMS OF WATERTOWN.

Other cities call you dreamer,
Say you plan for this and that;
And before things are accomplished,
Every dream and plan falls flat.
But some day we mean to show them
All the things that we can do
In the daily nearing future.
When our dearest dreams come true.

For a belt line 'round the city,
We have hoped and waited long;
But just when we seem to grasp it,

Something always goes dead wrong.
 We will get it some time surely,
 Then their unkind words they'll rue,
 And we'll ride around the city
 Some time when our dreams come true.

For a home for those who suffer
 From our climate's dreadful scourge
 (Used to call them just consumptive
 Now they are tuberculous),
 May the distant future bring it
 Near and nearer to our view,
 Where the weary may have comfort
 When our rosy dreams come true.

They have laughed at New York Central,
 Called their stories strange and wild
 Fables, myths and fairy legends
 That would not deceive a child.
 Just the same we get the depot,
 Soon the walls will rise in view;
 We have waited, been rewarded
 And our dream is coming true.

For a handsome waiting station,
 Where the bargain seekers' feet,
 Blistered with their endless tramping,
 A sweet rest might surely seek.
 On our Public Square we'll build it,
 Tall and stately, fine and new;
 I will wait there for my auto,
 Some day when my dreams come true.

So my fair and bright home city,
Stoop not from your high estate;
Dream your dreams and have good courage,
All things come to those who wait.
Dear old valley, full of sunshine,
Rest and peace abide with you!
What are all the years of waiting,
When our dearest dreams come true!

HUMILITY.

What has become of it and where has it gone; the sweet old fashioned virtue of humility. In the hurry and bustle of modern life and the strife for wealth and position a man forgets the lessons he learned at his mother's knee and when tired and discouraged he hurries away at night to the home where rest and sympathy should await him, he finds there only a woman more restless and discontented than himself.

While making calls one day, I found a friend of mine in great distress. She had been weeping bitterly and explained to me, between her sobs, that her husband had lost heavily in a business venture. "Oh dear," she sighed, "he is so stupid, if he would only let me attend to such matters, my judgment is so much better than his."

I listened to her patiently but my thoughts were far away. The handsome drawing room with its exquisite furnishings had disappeared and in its place, I saw the sitting room of an old farm house, a pleasant room well

furnished with books, sunshine and flowers. At the table sat a sweet faced woman and near her stood a well dressed business man. As I entered the room he was saying, "I am sorry that your husband is away, but I have seen the horse and am suited, so if you will attend to the matter I will pay you \$150 for him now." But the farmer's wife said no, that he must see her husband as it was his place to decide such matters.

Soon the farmer returned, and his first greeting was, "Well, mother, I have sold Dick for \$125." Then followed explanations and regret on the farmer's part for what he called his stupidity and the loss of the \$25. But his wife answered, "Indeed, you were not stupid at all. You sold the horse for all he is really worth and how can you say we lost money, we never had. Any way we both did what was right and God will make it up to us before the year is over. And so He did, dear mother, a hundred thousand fold."

There are strangers in the old home now for our gentle mother went to Heaven many years ago, and I am sure the brightest jewel in the crown she wears is the sweet old fashioned virtue of humility.

REVERIE.

The wind is singing a requiem
As it sweeps by my door tonight,
For the men who went down to the sea in ships
In the morning's rosy light;

The sky was bright as they sailed away,
And their hearts were strong and brave;
But a cruel tempest conquered them—
And they found a watery grave.

The wind is singing a requiem
As it sweeps by my door tonight,
For the gallant men who marched away
For their country dear to fight.
They dreamed of freedom, of wealth, and fame
To be won in the midst of the fray,
But the foeman's steel was cold and keen,
And they sleep in peace for aye.

The wind is singing a requiem
Solemn, and weird, and dread
For the foolish children of every land
Who followed where pleasure led.
She led them by paths that were gay with flowers
Away from the foot of the cross—
And the wind is singing a requiem
For their bitter and dreadful loss.

But listen—a song of joy at last
For God's children everywhere,
Who follow His banner wherever it leads
In spite of all pain and care;
Who work for the glory of God alone
For the sake of the crucified One—
And Jesus will welcome them Home one day
With the blessed words, "Well done."

MY SOLDIER.

I bought him a box of pasteboard men
 And he stood them up in a row,
 Smart little soldiers, in blue and white,
 Ready to face the foe.
 Dear little lad he was four years old,
 Sturdy, happy and true.
 When I taught him to say "I salute my flag,
 Three cheers for the red, white and blue."

Chorus:

He carried the flag I gave him
 And called with a right good will:
 "Come on little soldiers your Captain true
 Is leading you up the hill."

The time of our country's need is here,
 With work to be done by all.
 Thank God our boys have courage and hope
 When they answer their country's call.
 My own brave laddie marched to the front
 And his voice rang clear and true:
 When he cheerily called: "I am ready to go,
 Three cheers for the red, white and blue."

Chorus:

He followed the flag of his country,
 And called with a right good will:
 "Come on brave laddies your Captain true
 Is leading you up the hill."

Our land is the best and fairest,
Of all that the sun shines on;
She is worth the best you can give her,
I have given my only son.
For peace in her mountains and valleys,
A cause that is just and true,
We are ready to fight to the very last ditch
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

Chorus:

He followed the flag of his country
Through the valley and over the hill.
His kind, loving heart is quiet,
The voice that I loved is still.

TEDDIE AND THE FAIRIES.

The harvest moon was shining fair and white across
the bog when Grannie and I went to the door with Tim
Ahearn to say good bye.

Take good care of yourself Grannie said Tim and be
sure you are here to welcome me back.

Good bye and good luck to you me b'y said Grannie,
opening the door for him to pass—Oh! Lord betune us
and harm said she slamming the door and starting back
with a look of horror on her face that I can remember
yet although I was only a little boy at that time. Musha
then and what's the matter said my mother hurrying to-
ward her.

Oh! then look at the hawthorn bush all afire and don't be askin' the likes of me what's the matter said Grannie. Oh nonsense, said mother, looking out. It was the moonlight shining across the bog for if the bush was burning Teddie and I could see it as well as you.

Oh! then acushla said Grannie your eyes are young and its into the future they're thryin to look and the wee people know better than be sendin' their warnin's to the likes of you. Sure can't I remember when me Grandfather saw that bush afire forty years ago come Candlemas and didn't the fairies carry away his cousin that very night and sorra a sight ever we saw of him for five long months 'til he came creepin back to us with his clothes in tatters and the shoes worn off his feet and as he often said only he thought at last to turn his coat they could have him walking through the bog yet.

Well you were foolish people, said Mother, to listen to such a story as that. It was a drop too much of the mountain whiskey he had and I think if you had taken pains to get at the truth of the matter you would have found that he spent his time up in the mountains among the "Shiners" instead of tramping through the bog with the fairies. But Grannie could not be comforted and although many loving letters came from Tim she always insisted that they had been sent by the fairies and that Tim was really in trouble in "Fairyland."

But one bright day in Springtime dear Tim came back bringing with him the sweetest, daintiest little lady I ever set my eyes on. Oh! surely such bonnie blue eyes and golden hair the sun never lighted up before or since.

Oh! welcome back acushla, cried Grannie, and its thankful I am you got away from the fairies at last.

Yes, Grannie dear, said Tim and I've brought one of them with me to be a joy and a comfort to you all the days of your life. And a comfort indeed she was to Grannie and many more besides with her sunny face and sweet smile for us all; and she soon learned to take Grannie's place among the poor and afflicted around us and many a sorrowful heart was comforted and many a poor family helped by the loving words and willing hands of Tim's sweet wife, or as we often called her Grannie's fairy.

MY QUEEN.

In a robe of purple velvet,
Stately, sweet and very fair;
With laces at her dainty throat,
And jewels in her hair;
With a smile for those who love her,
As she offers them her hand:
She's the Queen and sweetest lady
Of old England's sunny land.
And the English people love her,
And they point to her with pride;
As she stands in royal splendor,
At the King of England's side,
For they rule a loyal people,
Of their very life a part,
And the sweet Queen reigns forever,
In King Edward's faithful heart.

Happy King and Queen of England,
 May you reign for many years;
 May no sorrow or bereavement,
 Dim your eyes with bitter tears,
 I would gladly go to greet you,
 But alas it may not be:
 So I send this simple tribute,
 From the land across the sea.

WALT MASON.

You're the man that brings a smile to every face,
 (If the face has e'er a grin to give at all).
 You are better than the cowslips in the Spring,
 And the rosey, shining apples in the Fall.
 When the daily grind is dreary,
 And we tire of the fight,
 The evening paper brings your rhyme
 And everything looks bright.

Do you ever have the blues at all, at all?
 When you want to do much better than your best.
 Do the thoughts of by-gone days, and the old familiar
 ways
 Steal around and try to rob you of your rest?
 If you do, old chap, I'm with you,
 For I know just how it feels
 When the dead past comes to face one
 With its sweet elusive gleams.

Are there little children clinging to your hand?

Do they run to greet you at the close of day,
The dearest, kindest daddy in the land?

If there are, dear friend, I'm with you. By the way
Does your house frau smile a welcome
In the shining firelight,
Does she have your dinner ready
When you reach your home at night?

May your joy be deep and solid as the ocean,
Your sorrows light and fleeting as its foam;
May the Lord keep every sorrow and affliction
From the happy little spot you call your home.
May you write your "Lineless Rhymes" for all who need
them

Until your little day of life is past,
And when the Master calls, and the twilight shadow falls,
Safely reach a happy haven at the last.

THE NEW AND THE OLD.

Much has been written during the past few years in praise of the "New Woman," and indeed she is great. As she whizzes by on her wheel, I draw myself into the smallest possible space and feel "Meek enough to possess the land."

The 19th century needs "The new woman" and she stands shoulder to shoulder with our husbands and brothers in every business mart, but you will bear with me if I insist that already the supply exceeds the demand.

But if the business world needs the "new woman" what of that other world—called home—where the tired business man comes when the day is over for rest and safety, and of which woman can make a Paradise or the opposite at her will.

The "new woman" with her ledger and law books has no work to do here, for in the march of progress she has left it far behind her.

But we find here her sister, the old-fashioned womanly woman. God bless her, as she comforts the children, binds up their bruises, mends their toys and brews and bakes, mends and makes, and keeps the home bright and cheerful six days of the week and sings the psalms and leads the Bible class on the seventh.

Her voice is seldom heard in the land, as she has little time for clubs and concerts; but you never see her boys in a saloon or standing on the street corner in the evening. Oh, no, it is too jolly at home with mother to read her brightest stories and sing her sweetest songs for them.

She does not care to vote as she has a husband to do that for her, and she is bringing up half a dozen sturdy boys who will vote, and perhaps be voted for bye and bye.

If her husband meets with business trouble does he give up the struggle and lie down to die? No, indeed, he hastens home to the brave little sunshine maker and, after taking counsel with her, goes forth again to fight the battle of life, sure of her help and sympathy.

All honor then to the "new woman." "May her days

be long in the land," but let us keep a tender place in our hearts and speak a word of praise sometimes for her sister, the old-fashioned womanly woman, who is after all most tenderly loved during life and most lovingly mourned and missed.

"When she lies in a quiet sleep
 'Neath a mound in some lonely glenn
Where her tired feet and folded hands
 Will never be weary again."

PALM SUNDAY.

Our new high altar is gorgeous
 With myriad lights aglow;
Decked out with palms from the Southland,
 In memory of long ago
When the Savior entered Jerusalem,
 Cheered by a mighty throng,
Who scattered palm branches before Him,
 As they sang the wonderful song:
"Hosanna! Praised be the Lord,
 Blessed is He who has brought us salvation."

The choir is singing Hosanna,
 With voices triumphant and strong.
While thro' the aisles to the altar,
 The people are marching along.
Each man bearing a palm branch
 To honor his Savior and King.
See how their faces are shining,

List to the glad song they sing:
 "Hosanna! Praised be the Lord,
 "Blessed is He who has brought us salvation."

But through the song triumphant
 Soundeth a minor grey,
 For friends who were with us, and sang our song,
 They are resting in peace today;
 Thinking and pleading for us,
 In heaven, at the court of the King,
 And the rapture they know, is greater
 When they hear the sweet song we sing:
 "Hosanno! Praised be the Lord,
 Blessed is He who has brought us salvation."

THE BABIES AT CHURCH.

Why is it that we hardly ever see a baby in church. We do not mean at the morning service when the long sermon might tire the babies, bless 'em, and the babies might disturb the minister. But at the afternoon or evening service—surely we might make room for them in His temple.

Supposing they do make a little noise, it is no discord. It always seems to me that the innocent prattle of a little child must chord with the songs of angles and the discords are in our poor prayers; so full of self, so forgetful of the glory of God.

At an afternoon service lately a sweet young mother

sat near me with her pretty baby. The child was very quiet, but suddenly the mother clasped him in her arms with her eyes full of tears hurried down the aisle. Why? Because she had heard a fashionable lady near her exclaim to her neighbor:

“I don’t see why people bring babies to church; if I had them I’d stay at home.”

But alas! there are no babies to wake the echoes of her stately home.

I called there once, and it is a veritable palace. The master of the house received me most graciously and gave his careful attention to the business I wished his advice about.

As I sat there in my shabby dress and last year’s bonnet I pitied him. He looked so careworn and old for a man of 40.

I glanced at the polished hearth, that a cradle would have made so cozy, and there was an ugly pug dog with a red, white and blue ribbon tied around his neck. Oh; colors of my beloved country, how have you fallen so low, I murmured, as I hurried away to the pleasant cottage where my little rascals were quarreling over an old whistle because they could not all blow it at once.

SONG OF THE ONLY DAUGHTER.

I am an only daughter,
But I don’t think that’s much fun
I have to be so proper,

And can never jump and run;
When Brother Bill and Charlie
Start to have a game of ball;
If I run out to join them,
I am sure to hear ma call.

Chorus:

"O, Carolyn Matilda,
Come and shoo the hens away,
You haven't done a bit of work
About this house today;
You're just a horrid Tom-boy,
And I don't know what to do,
O, Carolyn Matilda,
What will become of you?

It's hard to have to sew up seams
And learn to hem and fell,
When I hear my brothers calling
"There's a cat down in the well;"
And when I drop my work
To run and help them pull her out,
Just as we get her half way up,
To hear my mother shout:

(Repeat Chorus).

We started out to have a sail—
My brother Charles and I—
The wind was blowing hurricanes,
You should have seen us fly;
And just as we were starting up

To go still farther out;
Poor Charlie dropped the rudder,
When he heard our mother shout:

(Repeat Chorus).

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

Out on the slope of a sunny hill,
Where the robins will soon be singing,
Under the sod where the deep snow lies;
And where daisies will soon be springing,
They lie today in a quiet sleep
That will last 'till the judgment dawning,
And hear not the slogan we love so well,
St. Patrick's Day in the morning.

Yet they loved it once, and loved to tell
Of Ireland's saints, and her glory,
Of Patrick and Briget and Colum Kille
And of Emmer renowned in story.
They loved to tell how the Irish chiefs
Were all mindful of Patrick's warning,
And they taught me to sing the grand old song,
St. Patrick's Day in the morning.

Oh! Father and mother, I love it still,
And will love it 'till life is over,
And in memory of you and the faith you kept,
I am wearing the three leaved clover.
May every heart that was dear to you

Be faithful to Patrick's warning,
And join in the chorus of Ireland's song—
St. Patrick's Day in the morning.

You are sleeping far from the green old isle,
Where the linnet and thrush are singing;
And from every convent and chapel tower,
The bells you once heard will be ringing;
But your sleep is sound and your rest is sweet,
As you wait for the last day's dawning,
And my heart is sad as I sing your song,
St. Patrick's Day in the morning.

THE HOLY HOUR.

The sanctuary light shines thro' the shadows,
The place is holy, let me enter there
Where Jesus listens in the tabernacle,
Ready to hear and answer every prayer.

Here at Thy feet, dear Master, let me linger
In the calm twilight of the summer day,
The cares and trials of the day are ended,
Now let me rest with Thee to watch and pray.

I feel Thy presence like a benediction
Filling my soul with rapture and with grace,
And in the light that lingers round the altar
I almost see the glory of Thy face.

In this dear hour in Thy sacred presence
No thought of earth or strife may have a part,
For Heaven seems very near one, in the twilight,
Here at the altar of the Sacred Heart.

Oh Sacramental Prisoner of the altar,
How can I leave Thee in the fading light?
I go indeed, but leave my heart behind me
To watch with Thine, good night, dear Lord, good
night.

THE SHAMROCK.

Three little leaves on a short green stem
But no fairer flower ever grew.
And Irishmen love it with all their hearts
As we love the red, white and blue.
For St. Patrick taught them the Christian faith
With a little three-leaved clover,
Three persons divine in one God, he said,
And easily won them over.

How happy the good saint must have been
With the simple faith he found;
For they took the idols of wood and stone
And cast them upon the ground.
Then their tears fell fast as he spoke to them
Of the Victim of Calvary,
The loving Savior of all mankind
Who was nailed to the cruel tree.

Oh! the little green plant is growing still,
 In the emerald isle of the sea,
 And it holds, if we look with the eyes of faith,
 A message for you and for me.
 And wherever they are, by land or by sea,
 Roaming the great world over;
 Irishmen think of St. Patrick still,
 When they gaze on a three-leaved clover.

A SUNBEAM.

“Oh dear!” sighed a man, “it looks like rain,
 I must carry my umbrella again.”
 So he trudged along in a doleful way,
 His face was sullen, the sky looked grey,
 And he saw not the sunshine that came his way
 On that beautiful April morning.
 Another said, “What a pleasant day,
 The air is fine as we get in May;”
 It rained a bit, but he did not care,
 His heart was pure, and free from care.
 And to such a man the world looks fair,
 On any kind of a morning.

A CUP FOR EACH CHILD.

Have you ever noticed how much a child thinks of a bright new tin cup? When I was a child a valuable silver cup and a cut glass tumbler (the gifts of a doting

relative) were the pride of my mother's life. But the treasure of my treasures was a little tin cup we bought from a peddler. There was a glitter and a glamor about that tin cup which might be equaled, but not surpassed. Have you noticed lately how many children you meet whose faces are covered with an ugly rash? It must be very painful, and wiser heads than mine have decided that the trouble was caused by drinking in common from one cup at school. Well, I do not wonder that the festive microbe got caught by the bright tin cup, and I suppose that in trying to balance himself on the edge he descended to depths he never dreamed of. Now a tin cup can be had for a penny and at a moderate price you can purchase glass or silver ones for those with less plebeian tastes. So why in the name of humanity should not each child have a cup of his own to drink from.

THE CHRISTMAS DINNER

Oh! Mamma's just a wonder—
Did you ever see such pie?
She made the tarts and salad too,
And she's tired enough to die.
There is no one really like her
In the west, or in the east,
For when the holidays come round
She cooks our Christmas feast.

Poor Daddy sits there smiling
At his row of girls and boys;

He went down in his pocket
 For the candy and the toys.
 Tho' his Christmas presents on the tree
 May be the last and least.
 Just the same he bought the turkey,
 For the Christmas feast.

MODERN DRAMA.

Act. I.

The first on the scene was the parlor maid,
 In a cap and apron white:
 She began at once on the furniture,
 Dusting everything in sight;
 She whisked at the parlor table,
 The chairs, the books, and then,
 When she had finished them all up brown,
 She dusted them over again.

Next came the dapper footman,
 With a card on a silver tray:
 He tried to flirt with the parlor maid,
 But she told him to go away.
 He shuffled along to the other side,
 Stumbled and fell on his knee;
 And the dust that rose from that moth-eaten rug,
 Was a sight for the gods to see.

Act II.

Then the orchestra all got busy,

My, how their fingers flew;
And they played with all the vim they had,
The very best tune they knew.
Then we knew that she was coming,
The heroine sweet and fair;
And before you could say Jack Robinson,
She was really standing there.

Then slowly down stage stalked the villain,
With a mustache fierce and black:
And a look on his face that seemed to mean,
I'm a bad man, clear the track.
He told her that he loved her,
And would win her in spite of all;
But just at that time to our great relief
They let the stage curtain fall.

Act III.

Then the hero appeared all ready,
To get in his finest work:
He might be a hero, I could not tell,
But he looked like a hotel clerk;
He had searched for the heroine round the world,
And had finally ended his quest;
But I really agreed with the heroine's pa,
And I liked the villain best.

But the parlor maid set everything right,
At the end of the third and last act;
She knew of the villain's wife up state,
And advised him to go right back.

So the hero married the heroine,
 And I really feel afraid
 That out of revenge for the fall he had,
 The footman married the maid.

FRESH AIR.

We are rid of the stuffy cushions,
 The Lord be thanked for that,
 And instead of the dusty carpet
 Have a good clean rubber mat.
 The pulpit is made of hardwood,
 The railings are cleaned with care,
 But the windows are never opened,
 And we nearly die for air.

Our Rector is great on doctrine.
 Our choir the best in the place,
 And the Sunday School a power for good,
 Where nobody falls from grace.
 Last Sunday a young girl fainted
 In the midst of the preacher's prayer;
 He was asking for faith and charity,
 But what the girl needed was air.

Oh! it goes with a dash and clatter,
 Outside of the crazy town,
 And it sings like a mother's lullaby
 In the pines, when the sun goes down
 But it sighs in the crowded city,

Where each man is burdened with care,
So, sexton open the windows wide
And let in the blessed air.

THE WOMAN WITH A HAMMER.

Such a dainty little lady,
With a wealth of golden hair;
And her husband just adores her,
She's so graceful and so fair.
She tried to hang some curtains,
For she thought it would be fun:
But the hammer came down solid
On her dainty little thumb.

Chorus:

Oh! a man may hoe the garden,
And may stand behind the gun;
But the woman with a hammer,
Can discount him 3 to 1.

In the meantime in the garden,
Her most faithful laundry maid;
Was putting up a clothes line,
For some gingham, in the shade.
But the frantic words she uttered,
Made the hens and chickens run;
When the hammer came down solid
On her broad and plebeian thumb.

(Repeat Chorus)

A young lady fresh from Vassar,
 Tried to put some bookshelves up;
 Surely with a saw and hammer,
 She could do them well enough.
 But the sounds we heard her utter,
 Seemed like Greek and French in one;
 When the hammer came down solid,
 On her pretty ink stained thumb.
 (*Repeat Chorus*)

A DECADE OR TWO.

*Rev. Dean M. R. Burns' twentieth anniversary as Pastor
 of Holy Family Church, Watertown, N.Y.*

Two decades ago, but the years are long
 That have stolen our youth away,
 He came among us to cheer our hearts
 The priest we honor today.
 He was young and brave and zealous then,
 His words were so kind and true
 They touched our hearts, and we fondly prayed
 To keep him a decade or two.

We had little of cheer to offer him,
 Not even a roof for his head.
 But we were his children, he loved us so
 It did not matter, he said.
 The "Holy Family" would see our needs
 And surely supply them too,

If we only prayed with believing hearts,
So we offered a decade or two.

And how well his words have come to pass,
You will surely understand
If you visit our church and rectory
The best in our northern land.
And the little children cling to him,
They know that he loves them too,
They have all been taught in our Sunday School
To offer a decade or two.

He has christened, married and buried our friends.
My! How the tear drops start,
And given his love and sympathy
To many an aching heart.
God of the widow hear our prayer
He is very dear to you.
But may it please You to leave him here
Another decade or two.

SUNSHINE.

Quaint little cottage, just over the way
Tells me a tale of a far away day;
When a lassie and lad under skies that were blue
Promised to ever be faithful and true.
Loving each other, so the folks say,
In the good old-fashioned story book way.

The lad was a mason of highest degree,
 Building a home in the land of the free,
 Toiling all day, never dreaming of rest—
 Winning good things for the girl he loved best,
 His little home maker who sang all the day,
 In the good old-fashioned story book way.

They furnished their home with the things that are
 best

Love and contentment and true happiness.
 Faith in each other whate'er might befall.
 And a little brown cradle that stood by the wall.
 Trusting and hoping day after day—
 In the good old-fashioned story book way.

Soon the little white cottage so sunny and neat
 Echoed the patter of dear little feet,
 The prattle and laughter of girls and of boys;
 Happy and merry with home fashioned toys.
 They welcomed them gladly, and hoped they would stay
 In the good old-fashioned story book way.

The years have gone by like a tale that is told
 And the little home maker is feeble and old.
 She sits in the twilight awaiting the call
 That sooner or later must come to us all,
 For she hopes to meet Tim, when the shadows are
 grey—
 And be with him in Heaven, forever and aye.

HOLY FAMILY CHURCH 1895-1920.

Plan wonderful things for the glory of God,
With a mind that is faithful and true;
Give Him your heart in the wonderful days
When life and the world are new.

What was the spirit of '95
When we gathered in Washington Hall,
And none objected, and nobody said
If you climb too high you will fall.

Only a handful of faithful souls
All eager to do their best;
In building a home for the King of Kings.
Trusting in Him for the rest.

The brave young priest, with the pleasant smile
And courage for trials unseen,
We loved him that day and have loved him well
In the years that have gone between.

Today he knelt at the altar
And with eyes nearly dim with tears,
Offered to God in thanksgiving
The service of all the years.

Our beautiful Church and altars,
Free from all earthly claim,
He gave to the Master he served so well
For the love of "His Holy Name."

THE ANGELUS.

Angelus ringing from the old church dome,
The valley smiling in the sunset rays:
A peasant kneeling e'er he reached his home—
Offered his aves in the virgin's praise.

"Hail Mary, blessed mother of my God!
Danger is near us when the darkness falls;
But Christ will hear this humble prayer of mine
Though 'tis a peasant who upon Him calls.

"Filled with all graces and purity divine.
With thee our Lord was ever pleased to dwell:
Ask Him to save each helpless child of thine,
Who live and serve Him in this lonely dell.

"O Holy Mary, queen of saints above!
Pray for all sinners toiling 'neath the sun;
Keep us, dear mother, in thy tender care,
Until the toil is o'er, the victory won.

"And when death's angel comes, my mother dear,
Help us to meet him strengthened by thy love;
Breathing the names which living we revere,
While passing to that better land above."

He ceased to pray and slowly plodded on.
A sparrow twittered on his homeward wing;
A peaceful silence rested on the plain,
And in its tower the bell had ceased to ring.

THE TELEPHONE GIRL.

Just a simple act of courtesy—

A pleasant word or two;

No one can tell as the days go by

What a word of cheer may do.

So tell her you like the way she tries

To give you a number in time,

The girl who answers your frequent calls

Over the telephone line.

Have you ever thought of the life she leads

Waiting there day by day.

Trying to do the work she has

In the very best possible way?

“Hello there! Have you fallen asleep?”

She hears that many a time

As she patiently waits to answer the calls

Over the telephone line.

She is young and brave and tries to forget

How other girls today

Out in the sunshine with friends and beaux

Are whiling the hours away.

With a game of tennis, golf or cards

Cheerfully passing the time,

While she must listen for calls that come

Over the telephone line.

Quietly doing the best she can

To keep the number straight,

For people who hurry and make mistakes,
 And swear, if they have to wait.
 O! the thing is sad, and hurts me so
 I cannot tell it in rhyme,
 The life of the girl who answers my calls
 Over the telephone line.

A SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

I found his grave in a lonely place,
 Where the sweet wild birds were singing,
 While far away in the distant town,
 The Trinity bells were ringing:

On the marble shaft that marked the spot,
 The words were dim and hazy;
 But I managed to read "To the memory of
 Lieutenant John James Casey."

Long years ago when our boys in blue,
 Marched bravely forth to the fight;
 Young private Casey went with them,
 To do and to dare for the right.

His Mother's heart was heavy that day,
 And torn with a woman's fears;
 But she bravely whispered "Go, my son,"
 And smiled at him through her tears.

And soon in the midst of a bloody field,
 Our Country's flag was flying;

And the bugal call was heard above,
The sighs and groans of the dying;

As the dear flag fell from a wounded hand,
Young Casey madly tore it
From among the dead, and marched to the front,
And the enemy quailed before it.

He held it high, and proudly called
"The red, white and blue forever."
Fight for your flag like honest men,
May its folds be sullied, never.

Follow the flag brave boys in blue,
Remember your homes and your mothers,
Your arms are strong, and your hearts are true,
Courage, courage my brothers.

"Go on we are with you," they wildly cried
As they gathered from hill and from hollow
"We will keep near the flag whatever betide,
Where a young lad leads, men may follow."

"Charge on the enemy, forward march,
Let no one dare to be lazy,
Hurrah for the bonnie red, white and blue,
Hurrah for Lieutenant Casey.

The field was won, and our men were wild
With the flush of triumph and glory,
"Where is the boy that led us," they cried,
"His name shall go down in story."

They found him dying among the dead,
 Their brave young soldier brother,
 They wrapped him tenderly in the flag,
 And brought him home to his mother.

THE CHASM.

Chateaugay, N. Y.

An artist with his pencil and brush might do good work here, for at every turn he would find reason to regret that so much unpainted beauty should exist and not go warm and fresh onto his canvas; but a poor pen picture must fail in many respects to do the subject justice. To begin with, you must imagine a narrow river singing like Tennyson's brook:

"I come from haunts of coot and hern.
 I make a sudden sally,
 And sparkle out among the ferns
 To bicker down a valley."

On either side of this river rises a wall of immense grey stones. We made our first visit there long ago, on a sunny afternoon, and with the lights and shadows playing "Hide and seek" on the walls, and in our thoughts, it was hard, nay impossible, to believe that wall only a mass of hard grey stones reserved in the "Economy of Nature" to fashion homes and churches for the "coming race." No, no, for surely yonder is a castle with its drawbridge, moat and battlements; and let us watch awhile the window of the tower, for a sight of the fair lady who makes its sunshine. In just such a tower it

might have been that Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat, high in her chamber up a tower to the east, guarded the sacred shield of Lancelot. Looking to the right side of the river again, our eyes are dazzled by what seems in the glare of sunshine, like a massive cathedral. We spend a blissful half hour looking at it from every possible point of view, trying to decide in which school of architecture to place it.

Some of our practical friends in the meantime, have hurried on to the end, and having seen all they wish now return, and laughingly ask what we see in that pile of stone.

So we hurry on to the Falls which are three in number, and are very beautiful. The cave too, as yet unexplored, is the subject of many conjectures. In such a place we could imagine "Rob Roy" and the dauntless partner of his joys and sorrows making their desperate plans.

The world has found the old nook now, and steps, railings, etc, are erected to enable tourists to: "Do the chasm."

Each summer as I hear of its increasing popularity, I look back, with a sigh of regret, to the summer days, but always gladly remember that I loved the old place before it was famous.

OUR KING'S BIRTHDAY.

'Tis the birthday of the Savior,
Christmas morning, fair and still;

As of old the song is ringing—
 "Peace on earth, to men, good will."

As of old, the poor and lowly
 Hasten to the manger shrine;
 As the shepherds of Judea
 Sought the gentle Child divine.

No rich gifts, dear Lord, we bring Thee,
 We are sad, and sore distressed;
 But our hearts are pure and patient,
 And we ask for peace and rest.

Rest—from trials and temptations,
 Peace—the world can never give;
 We shall find them, Christmas morning,
 At the Infant Savior's crib.

And the happy little children,
 Gather 'round the Infant mild;
 How we love them—as they murmur,
 Christ was once a little child.

Glory to Him in the highest,
 King of ages, Light of light;
 Let us sing it with the angels,
 On His birthday, fair and bright.

TWO WOMEN.

She makes home happy and keeps things bright,
As she sings the whole day long;
And her husband works with a right good will
Even when things go wrong.
For he knows when the long, long day shall end,
And he hurries back at night,
That a joyous welcome awaits him there
In the home of his heart's delight.

And her children have freedom and sympathy,
As they cling to her loving hand—
Their pretty mamma who loves them so;
The sweetest in all the land.
She tells them stories, and sings them songs,
As she cuddles them close at night
And asks the Giver of all good gifts
To keep all their steps aright.

The other woman across the way
Has no time to keep things bright.
She is president of the Suffragettes,
But she looks like a simple fright.
And her husband has no joy in his work,
Even when things go right,
For he knows no welcome awaits him there
When he plods slowly home at night.

And the little children God has sent
To brighten the earthly day,

Hinder her progress, and get on her nerves;
 They are always in the way.
 So the little ones stay in the neighbor's yards
 And play with their balls and kites
 While she goes to the meetings and tells her friends
 They must all stand up for their rights.
 And what are the rights they clamor for,
 And where has the world gone wrong?
 Shall women resign for a simple vote
 The very best joys of all—
 Hearts to love us and home sweet home,
 With a song to cheer the way,
 The prattle of children who love us so,
 And a kiss at the end of the day?

MOTHER'S FLOWERS

They grew upon the wayside
 In the land where I was born;
 The pretty purple blossoms
 With their leaves all frayed and torn.
 We called them "Ragged Ladies,"
 As we gathered them each day;
 The pretty purple flowers,
 That grew beside the way.

My mother loved to plant them
 In her dainty garden beds;
 Where the stately scarlet poppies,
 Held up their handsome heads.

They seemed to view my favorites,
With looks of silent scorn;
My pretty Ragged Ladies,
In the land where I was born.

The garden is deserted,
And weeds and grasses grow,
Where Ragged Ladies flourished,
In my childhood long ago.
And where deathless lillies blossom
Mother waits for me and mine;
The children whom she loved so well
In the days of "Auld Lang Syne."

ABSORBING THE GOOD

"I am a part of all that I have met," is a truism that no one pretends to deny, and what a blessing for us that in nature and art and in the great world of letters it is our privilege to meet the good, the true and the beautiful and make them, as it were, a part of ourselves.

Sorrow and care and dark thoughts of discontent are waiting for you. But turn a corner, leave them all behind and "Go into the quiet woods. Let nature be your teacher." Listen to the song of the birds, and the music of the brook as it sings all night and whistles all the day; and the joy and gladness will abide in your heart until you are really a part of what you met there.

If we are to be really a part of all we meet it behooves us to meet the best.

So if at times your world seems poor and narrow, open your Bible and read of that other world with its "Walls of Jasper and Streets of Gold."

Milton was blind, Bunyan in prison, but they knew how to pray and people the solitude with angels. But you can not pray like that? Then let Elizabeth Browning teach you that—

"Eyes that the preacher could not school
By wayside graves are raised
And lips cry, God, be pitiful.
That ne'er said God be praised."

When the rain is beating against the window and you begin to feel depressed take down your copy of Tom Moore and enjoy the delightful journey of "Lalla Rooke." Take a trip through Scotland with Bobbie Burns or read aloud Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel" and the story of Marmion's men.

Do not feel obliged to give all your spare time to social duties. Take an hour sometimes to study human nature with

"Shakespeare, King of England's Kings!
The rest with all their pomp and trains
Are moldered, half forgotten things—
'Tis he alone that lives and reigns."

It will be time well spent, I assure you, and after a little you will be surprised to find that you have become indeed a part of the "Dead poets who are living yet, immortal in their verses."

THE CHILDREN.

The little feet of the children,
How they hurry the livelong day,
On errands for Mamma and Auntie,
Or in never-ending play.
Chasing the wee bright birdies,
Down where the daisies grow,
To the very edge of the brooklet,
With water-lilies aglow.

Climbing the hill with Reuben,
When he goes for the cows at night,
Where the grass is dotted over
With wintergreen berries bright:
Where Jack-in-the-Pulpit is nodding
To the sweet forget-me-not,
And the robins sing good night to all
In nature's most favored spot.

They never tire nor falter,
Those dear little feet so white,
Until Mamma comes at bedtime
To kiss her darlings good night;
And to ask the God of the children
To keep them in His care,
And to guide and direct the childish feet,
For the sake of their mother's prayer.

And I sigh to think of the journey
Those dear little feet must take,
Ere they reach at last the end of it all,

And stand at the narrow gate,
Where the Savior waits to welcome those
Who have made the journey aright.
May He say, "Well done, come enter in;"
Good night, little ones, good night.

A PLEASANT NOTE.

An item in Saturday's Times came as a message of "Peace on earth" to all who have the interests of God poor at heart.

How things have changed since the days when "Nicholas Nickelby" and his companions had only a small cup of porridge for their supper.

Now those who found the battle of life too hard and have gone over the hill to the poor house are given the comforts of life and at our own county farm have "strawberries raised for them by the bushel."

By the way, how many who have leisure ever visit that little city of the afflicted, to carry a gift and say a word of cheer to the inmates and a word of praise and encouragement to those who have the work in charge.

We know a wealthy man of this city (may his wealth increase) who furnished all the latest papers and magazines to an old man at the county house, who was fond of reading.

Let us go there sometimes and keep up their faith in "The brotherhood of man" and learn the sweet lesson

of patience they can teach. Let it not be said of us as
A. A. Proctor wrote of another nation:

“Our beasts and our thieves and our chattels
Have weight for good or for ill;
But the poor are only His image
His presence, His word, His will;
And so Lazarus lies at our doorstep
And Dives neglects him still.”

MOTHER'S SONGS.

“O! Bonnie Annie Laurie”
And “The Days of Auld Lang Syne,”
“The Christmas Bells are Ringing”
And “The Watcher on the Rhine;”
She sang them all so sweetly
While the children gathered near
And listened to the music
Of her voice, so sweet and clear.

“O! Lovely Black-Eyed Susan”
And “Drifting with the Tide,”
The dear “Star Spangled Banner”
And “Maggie’s by My Side:”
Our childish hearts were happy
And the distant church bell rang,
As we listened in the gloaming
To the songs our mother sang.

Then she sang to us of Jesus,
 And the words came soft and clear
 From a heart that truly loved Him.
 And would scorn to doubt or fear.
 "Gentle Jesus, meek and lowly.
 Make my children like to Thee,
 And from doubt and sin and sorrow
 Keep them ever safe and free."

Oh! that was many years ago
 And mother's gone away
 To the Savior whom she trusted,
 In that happy far-off day.
 And she walks beside the river
 Where the deathless lilies grow,
 And watches o'er her children
 Who are toiling here below.

And I know she pleads with Jesus,
 "Make my children like to Thee.
 And from doubt and sin and sorrow
 Keep them ever safe and free."
 For often in the gloaming,
 When the distant church bells ring,
 I seem to hear an echo
 Of that song she used to sing.

BALLY CARROLL

I remember oh, so fondly
Stories father used to tell.
Of the Banshee and the Fairies,
And the famous wishing-well.
These and all the other wonders
That he used to hear and see
When he lived in Bally Carroll,
Far away across the sea.

There the fields were always greener,
All the flowers brighter too;
All the people loved each other
And their hearts were kind and true
You and I, he said, will go there,
For I want my girl to see
How they live in Bally Carroll
Far away across the sea.

He was but a little laddie
When they sailed across the sea,
To this land of hope and promise,
Where his people could be free.
But how well he could remember
Every flower, field and tree,
In the land of Bally Carroll
Far away across the sea.

So when Ireland wins her freedom
In the day so near at hand,

I will sail across the ocean
 To my father's native land.
 And I hope he will be near me
 In the land of liberty,
 When I visit Bally Carroll
 Far away across the sea.

TEDDIE AND ORLANDO.

As Teddie himself could have told you, "A dacenter fellow you'd never find in a day's travel" than his nearest neighbor and dearest friend, Landy McKim.

Not that his name was really Landy—oh, no—far from it, for when he was a mere child had not his mother, a good and faithful worker in Zion, invited the minister and his wife to the house, and had not the good man in the presence of numerous relatives and friends of the family conferred on the young child the imposing name of Orlando. Yes, indeed, but when a few years later he entered school, the boys of the "Deestricht" made very short work of changing it to Landy. But Emma Jones, the sweet little blue eyed girl who sat on the front seat and always knew her lessons, called him Landy, and smiled at him so sweetly that he forgot his cares and carved rings out of buttons for her when he should have been learning his lessons. For Landy did not take kindly to books, but attended school (in obendience to the express commands of his father and mother) with a regularity that was most painful to the teacher as well as to himself.

As he dosed over his speller and arithmetic, or in his more wakeful moments, whittled the edge of his desk; the years rolled by, the down on his upper lip grew apace until, in the fullness of time, it passed for a mustache. He parted his auburn locks in the middle, began to affect neckties, and behold! Orlando was a full grown man.

At the age of twenty he entered the corner store as clerk, and soon became a prime favorite with the country lassies and their mammas, for what Orlando lacked in all other respects he fully made up in "cheek," which is a quality that is barefacedly requisite in getting along in this world.

GIBSON WAISTS.

In the early days of April, when the sky was dark and gray, we made our dainty shirt waists and folded them away with sachet powder in the folds to keep them fresh and sweet until the summer time—when we could wear them on the street.

Waists of lace and figured muslin, with ribbon bows galore; waists of silk and crispy chiffon, and percale waists a score; and plebian waists of calico, decked out with cheap lace frills; to wear on sultry afternoons to save the laundry bills.

But the summer days we looked for they never came at all; the dreary springtime slowly passed, and then there came the fall. Oh! the robins' eggs are frozen, and the linnet has a cold; and the shirt waists are all

packed away, with sachet in each fold.

But rejoice, my mourning sisters, there's a fair land far away, where the darkies in the medders, are now gathering in the hay; pack your trunks and journey southward, take your shirt waists—never fear, you can wear them down in Georgia, but we do not need them here.

VANITAS.

My gay young friend blew in for a chat,

And I gave him a fine cigar.

For he is a judge of the fragrant weed,

As all young freshmen are.

Our ash-tray is a work of art,

With Columbus in bright array.

Just as he looked when he sailed and sailed,

In the days so far away.

It seems unfitting he scolded,

As he gazed at the pretty toy;

To heap the dust of a strong cigar,

On the head of the dear old boy.

The good great-hearted Columbus,

Who gave all he had to give.

To discover this region of ice and snow,

Where the sons of freedom live.

But I smiled, "Dust to dust returneth."

You know what the preachers say.

And very likely Columbus himself,

Has blown by my door today.

ASH WEDNESDAY.

Remember, man, that thou art dust,
I hear the preacher say:
And e'er the echo of his words,
Has really died away
I turn my thoughts to earthly things,
As worldly people must,
Forgetting, in our foolish pride,
That they are only dust.

Remember, man, that thou are dust,
We hear it whispered low
Above the graves of those we love,
As from our sight they go.
Those that we loved far more than life,
Who made our world so bright,
'Tis sad to miss them, and to know
They are but dust tonight.

Remember, dear, thou art but dust,
A mother told her child;
But in his childish innocence
He only heard and smiled.
But now, grown wiser with the years
That o'er his head have passed;
He knows that wealth and fame and power
Are only dust at last.

Remember, man, thou art but dust,
Thy body must decay;
But God has given thee a soul
That shall not pass away;

A spirit that is like to His,
 Immortal, pure and just.
 Oh! may we come to Him at last,
 Who made us all from dust.

THE ROSARY.

A woman whose face was lined with care,
 Pitiful, haggard and gray;
 Knelt in the shadows, at twilight's hour,
 At the foot of the cross to pray;
 Those to whom she had given her life,
 And toiled for through heat and cold;
 Have left her alone and all that remains,
 Is a rosary, worn and old.

How she had loved them, her girls and boys,
 And planned for their future years,
 As she thinks of them now, so selfish grown
~~Holding in death, as in life she held;~~
 Her eyes are blinded with tears;
 For she loves them still, though they little care,
 With a love that can never be told;
 As bead by bead from her thin hand drops,
 Her rosary, worn and old.

Our blessed Savior hears her prayer.
 (For Heaven is not far away),
 And prayers for counsel, from ~~many~~ weary hearts,
 Can be heard there from day to day.

So an angel comes to dry her tears,
And lead her to joys untold;
But he leaves in her toilworn faded hands,
The rosary, worn and old.

So the peace that the world has never given,
And can not take away;
Lights up her face, and fills her heart,
At the close of the Summer day;
And they find her there, near the crucifix,
Pitiful, lifeless and cold,
Holding in death, as in life she held;
A rosary, worn and old.

THE PARENT'S PART.

An article I lately read suggests to my mind a few reflections on how much fathers and mothers too often expect of those who "teach the young idea how to shoot."

If Tom is a model boy and brings home good reports from school, he takes after his father, or he is just like his uncle Henry, but if Tom does not take kindly to books, and his mind has a tendency to wander away to where the wily trout are waiting then they wonder why the teacher does not hold him to the work, explain lessons and interest him. Poor Tom is not to blame. If he had a chance, he would do better, etc., forgetting that—

"There is no royal road to learning's shrine,
Prince and peasant alike must climb."

Really we expect too much of teachers, and the lessons of patience and application children need should be taught in the home.

Great men osometimes forget or retain only a faint memory of the professor who taught them to conjugate their Latin verbs. Some of them even, at times, are not quite clear about the lesson, but not one of them all will ever forget the "Our Father Who art in Heaven" he learned to lisp at his mother's knee.

Lessons of self control, of trust in God, and reverence for the good and beautiful that true mothers know so well how to teach, abide in our hearts forever, and hinder the influence of the glare and folly of a selfish world.

SAINT JOHN THE BAPTIST

A voice in the wilderness crying,
 Make straight the way, said he.
 For the King in His glory and mercy
 Is coming today unto thee;
 Lift up your heads rugged mountains,
 Let the crooked ways be made straight,
 We have waited this coming for ages,
 And He knocketh today at the gate.

Glorious Saint John The Baptist,
 With a mind for the things that are great;
 No time to waste on mere trifles,
 Or to wonder at reasons and fate.

Splendor and food and raiment,
He never gave them a thought.
Bringing men's souls to the Master,
Only God's Kingdom he sought.

How he must pity our blindness,
Playing like with children with toys;
Out of the things he despised so,
Trying to fashion our joys;
Leaving the things of the Spirit,
For those that will surely decay;
Glory and honor, and riches,
That fade like a vapor away.

Now in the Kingdom of Heaven,
With those who have fought the good fight.
Mid the army of martyrs he standeth,
Who once told of the light, blessed light.
Dear Saint, tho most weak and unworthy,
I am trying to imitate thee,
For the King in His mercy and kindness,
Is coming tomorrow to me.

FORTY HOURS.

The incense, the lights and the roses
On the altar sing His praise,
And we kneel at His feet in rapture,
On this blessed day of days.
Hour after hour in His presence,

Till the failing of the light,
 But the faithful roses linger there,
 To watch with Him in the night.

Oh! The hours are dark and dreary,
 As He waits for us alone;
 With no one to watch one hour
 At the foot of His altar throne.

Only the roses are faithful,
 Loving and sweet and bright,
 Giving their lives in an act of love,
 As they watch with Him in the night.

Patient, kind and forgiving,
 He listens by night and day,
 For the asse return of the prodigal,
 Who has wandered so far away.

If our hearts were pure as the flowers,
 That fade in the altar light,
 We would stay near His feet as the roses do
 And watch with Him in the night.

GOVERNOR FLOWER.

The city is lonely without him,
 And the sweet chimes a requiem play,
 For over in dear sunny Brookside
 He rests from his labors today.

The man who was brave and courageous,
 With valor and strength to endure.
 A friend to the student and worker,

And kind to the needy and poor.
His kind heart is quiet forever,
But the great soul will live on for aye.
And will often be near, very near you,
When you think of him far far away.
Build a monument then in his honor.
Make it beautiful, stately and strong;
For his grave in the hearts of the people,
Who have honored and loved him so long.
And ring out sweetest bells in the twilight,
Let your music and praise never cease,
While we twine to his memory, a garland,
Of roses and lilies for peace.

PEACE.

Over the wide wide ocean,
Under the eastern sky,
Ten thousand men are marching
Ready to fight and die.
God of the widow spare them;
Grant that the war may cease.
Only Thy pity can save them,
O Gentle Prince of Peace!

Our sons are gathered around us,
Here in the land of the free;
In happy homes from grateful hearts,
Our prayers ascend to Thee.

But our sisters across the water,
 As their fears and cares increase,
 Are crying to Thee for succor,
 O Gentle Prince of Peace!

Your heart has not changed since You walked of old,
 In the land of Gallilee.
 When You healed the sick and raised the dead,
 And made poor blind Bartemeus see.
 So pity our sorrowing sisters,
 Make the struggle and warfare cease;
 And send their dear ones home again,
 O Gentle Prince of Peace.

A TALK WITH THE BOYS.

Not feeling sure beforehand of approval many young people feel timid when they first address an audience, and this feeling of diffidence, or "stage fright," as many call it, is the first great obstacle you will have to overcome, dear boys—and of course you intend to overcome all obstacles—so I want to tell you of a case that came under my observation many years ago, from which you may perhaps learn a lesson.

I was a teacher at that time, and had in my school one very stupid pupil, a little bit of a fellow—that is, he was of small stature. He made up for it somewhat in breadth, however. Understand me well, breadth, not breath, because his breath, too, was very short at times.

One Friday afternoon I called on him to speak a "piece," as we used to say then, and he started from his desk very bravely, but when he began to feel that he was the observed of all observers his face got red and it grew redder and redder as he came up the aisle, until when he reached the rostrum his face was nearly black. He put his hands in his pockets and looked in anguish from one friendly face to another as he recited:

"Great streams from little brooklets flow;
Tall trees from little acorns grow;
And where's the boy only three feet high
That can speak in public better'n I?"

I learned a lesson from that boy. Instead of looking straight ahead of him into space he looked into the kind, loving faces before him, and the sympathy he read there gave him courage to go on.

Well, time flies indeed, and that little boy is a man now, and I wonder sometimes how he fared with the larger and more critical audiences he has faced since then.

Dear boys, you, too, will soon be men, and I am sure you wonder now what your life work is to be, and which profession you had better choose. Many of you expect to be doctors, I know, and you love to think how you will heal the sick and comfort the broken-hearted who are beyond all healing. Some of you hope to stand in the halls of justice and plead for those who suffer (through their own faults or the unkindness of others.)

A few of you, I hope, are looking forward to the high-

est vocation of all, and some day, if I live, I shall see you start out to "Preach the Gospel to every nation." Be brave, dear boys. You can do these things if you will in our own dear free land. Never mind the old croakers who call you "dreamers" and tell you that the dreams of youth are never realized. It is not true. Every beautiful thought is an inspiration from God, and the dreams of your youth will be realized if they are pure and true.

PENTECOSTAL FIRE.

They were gathered together in Jesus' name,
Near the shore of Galilee;
The fishermen who had watched our Lord,
When He walked upon the sea;
Who had looked in awe when He raised the dead,
And gave poor blind Bartimeus sight;
And at the cross, when the lightning flashed,
Had been dazzled by the light.

Poor simple fishermen, all unversed
In the ways of the great and wise;
But full of zeal and tender love
For the things the worldly despise;
The loving Savior had called them forth
From their cares beside the sea;
When He said to them gently, "Thou shalt catch men,"
My beloved, come follow Me.

Thou shalt teach the Gospel in every land
Thou shalt carry it over the sea;
But now as they sat in that upper room,
They wondered how this might be;
They were only poor, ignorant simple men,
Who had weakly deserted their Lord;
Why had He trusted to such as these,
His most precious redeeming word?

But not for long does the Master leave
The souls He loves best in gloom;
For while they wondered a radiance bright,
And a glory, filled the room,
And the Holy Ghost came down on them,
In the form of a gentle dove,
To fill the hearts of God's chosen priests,
With faith, and hope, and love.

Oh! glorious day for a sinful world,
When the Pentecost fire first burned;
Oh! beautiful lessons of love and trust,
Which the first disciples learned.
And today, far away from Judea's land,
In our own dear home of the free;
The Holy Ghost, with His gifts divine,
Has descended, dear child, to thee.



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